I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerſet?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head.
War. And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,
I vow by heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Poſſeſſe it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.
York. Aſſiſt me then ſweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weell all aſſiſt thee, and he that flyes ſhall die.
York. Thankes gentle Norfolke. Stay by me my Lords,
And ſoldiers ſtay you heere, and lodge this night.
War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to put vs out by force,
Rich. Arm'd as we be let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* be depoſde, whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take poſſeſſion of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him beſt,
The proudeſt bird that holds vp Lancaſter,
Dare ſtirre a wing, if *Warwicke* ſhake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Reſolue thee *Richard*, claime the Engliſh Crowne.
Enter king Henry the ſixt, with the D. of Exceſter, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Weſtmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roſes in their hats.

King.

King. Looke Lordings
Euen in the chaire of State
(Back'd by the power of
To aſpire vnto the Crowne
Earle of Northumberland,
And thine Clifford: and yo
On him, his ſonnes, his fau
North. And if I be not,
Clif. The hope thereof,
Weſt. What? ſhall we ſu
My heart for anger breake
King. Be patient gentle
Clif. Patience is for Pul
He durſt not ſit there had y
My gracious Lord, heere i
Let vs aſſaile the family of
North. Well haſt thou ſ
King. O know you not t
And they haue troopes of
Exet. But when the Duk
King. Far be it from the
To make a ſhambles of the
Coſen of Exeter, words, fr
Shal be the warres that He
Thou factious Duke of Yo
I am thy ſoueraigne.
Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd
Exet. For ſhame come d
Yorke. Twas my inherita
Exet. Thy father was a
War. Exeter thou art a
In following this vſurping
Clif. Whom ſhould he
War. True Clifford, and
King. And ſhall I ſtand w
Yorke. Content thy ſelfe
War. Be Duke of Lanca

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